

In This
Issue...

Alvin Orloff

The Husbands

Young N Hung

Coloring
Contest

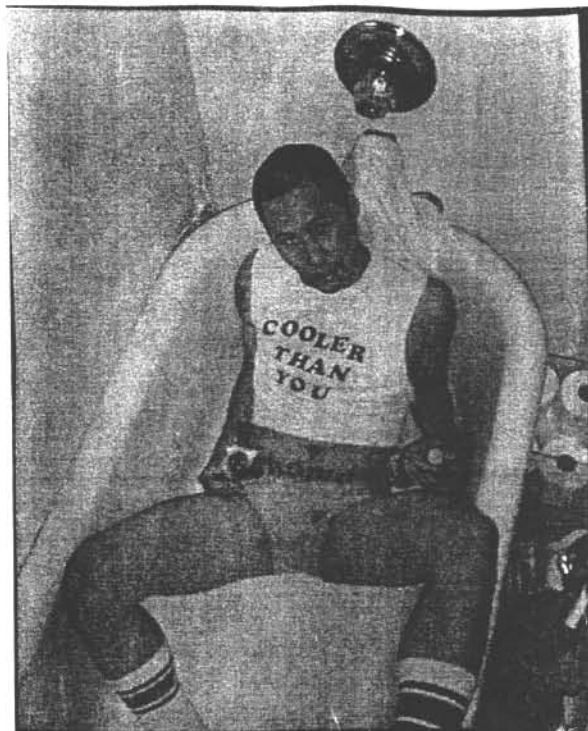
Ask Allison

Scream Club

and
more!...

\$3

fag #1 school



WRESTLING
is for me



We here at FAG SCHOOL tend to lean towards the specific belief that shit has REALLY hit the fan. These days, straight dudes look like faggots, faggots are zombies, and the only people who'll hit on you and truly MEAN IT is old dudes at the library. TOTAL BUMMER. We here at FAG SCHOOL also believe that in times such as these we have to separate ourselves from this smelly SMELLY bullshit and get to the real nitty gritty. There are lines in the sand to be drawn and FAG SCHOOL will draw them...BOLDLY. Let it be known that your dogs at F.S. are totally down with all things included (but CERTAINLY NOT limited too) in the following: PUNK ROCK, femme-bots, radical twinkies, radical twinkie-ism, converse (real or imitation), skateboarding, the "slow" hand, boning on the first date, boning on other peoples beds, smashing the state, dizzy dukes, arty porn, Kip Knoll, cuddling, step aerobics, yoga-bunnyism, carbs, O.P.P., 17 year olds, snodding, blowjobs, 69ing, PORN OBSESSION, sex with senior citizens, sex with strangers, sex with ugly people, BEER, fucking in bushes, drinking in bushes, dancing at shows, dressing like a slut, SLUT PRIDE, making out with girls, condoms, California and the dirty South specifically, Le Tigre (the brand), stoners, hookers, northern soul records, boyfriend swapping, trannie tops, VOUGEING (turnturnturnitOUT!), making it known that your "available", putting it out there, putting out, tattoos, pink EVERYTHING, INTERRACIAL EVERYTHING, 9am bong rips, putting on lipgloss COMPULSIVELY, moderate meat eaters, performance anxiety, the twist, wigs...etc.

AND we are most certainly NOT down with:

Squares, diesel jeans w/ Italian sneakers (that's UGLY), tops only, war, cops, cop porn, jocks, jock porn (except Locker Jocks-HELLA SICK), cocaine (unless its free), Screwdriver, METROIDS, just being "friends", dumb boys, child molesters, repressed honkies, internet cruising, hating, haters, shade (unless thrown expertly), kicking people out of bed, taking it like a "man", pleated fronts, Christians, getting fucked without getting kissed, CRABS, Jeffrey Dahmer...etc.

There, we said it.

Love,

Yr. Editor (that bitch) Brontez

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GO-GO BOY|

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Alvin is totally HOTT.

In the late 70's he was so f-in

orloff

punk he got spit on! (COOL!) He ~~also~~ also

wrote "Gutter Boys" a ~~TRIPPED-OUT~~ ^{two young, gay,} tale about Punk rock boys. ^{Read it. I+RULES}

1. How'd you get into punk???

Well in high school my friend Jennifer and I were alienated and we read in a magazine, it must've been 1977 or something, about the Sex Pistols they were getting a lot of publicity for swearing on tv. so we went whole hog punk and Jennifer started this band The Blow-Dryers and I wrote the lyrics for them and Jennifer sang. They played at the Mabuhay Gardens the first punk club in San Francisco and it was ummm, fun. Back then the Bay Area was still really a hippy town. People were still holding out on the age of Aquarius and there was still lots of long hair. You'd wear black peg leg jeans and they would say "how'd you get your fexet through the bottom of your pants? there so narrow!" People only wore bell-bottoms. They were really, the hippies. They really thought it was reactionary to be punk rock, they didn't like it.

2 what about the homos?

Every single gay man in S.F. had a lil teeny moustache and plaid and tight jeans and boots. It was called the "clone" look because they all looked exactly alike. It was really boring and horrible and they all listened to disco music and did peppers all the time.

3. EWWWWWW!

You would hear Gloria Gaynor every single place you went, it didn't end! And they never let go of these songs and their fine songs now but back then I was sick to death. Every time you went out you'd hear the same top 40 disco songs over and over. I didn't feel like I fit in with the gays at all. They were a few punk rock gay people but just a hand full.

Once I was walking down Market St. past this club called the Balcony thats now an antique store and I was wearing a black suit a hot pink shirt a skinny black tie and black beetle xboots, and I was thinking I looked so good I was dressing up. And then, someone spit on me from the Balcony. They were like "who does she think she is?" People were really bitchy. I don't have fond memories of the disco scene, but maybe if I had been a lil older I could have dealt with it

4 Where'd you get sex???

I didn't

5 Woooooah...

SF used to be a wide open town until they shot Mayer Mascone. Do you know about that?



Wuh-uh

Well in 1978 Dan White who was this ex policeman who had run for board of supervisors and won, resigned because he said he wasn't making enough money and then he was like "oh i change my mind". But the mayor who was this nice liberal guy George Mascene, said no. It was his decision and Harvey Milk, the first gay elected political official was on his side. And so Dan White went crazy and shot the mayor and shot Harvey Milk. That's when Dianne Feinstein took over as mayor and all of a sudden they started enforcing the drinking age and the town stopped being a hippy free for all. It was the first step towards the ultimate transmutation into yuppieville. So to make a long story short, in 1978 right before the assassination, i could go to the Stud bar when i was 17 no questions asked and after that i couldn't get in anywhere so i went to New York in 81 ...were we talking about sex?

Places to cruise

Like i said i had no luck in SF because i couldn't go to bars or clubs. i suppose there was sex outside but it's always so cold in SF your kind of taking your life in your hands if you have sex in public. you could get frostbite. so i hardly had sex here.

Was this around the time AIDS went public?

It didn't all happen at once. for a few years in the early 80s i'd occasionally hear of a person getting mysteriously sick and instantly dying though nobody i knew well. then the medical types came up with the term GRID (gay related immune deficiency) and there was panic. Nobody knew what was causing it and lots of people started getting sick and my pals and i all sort of assumed we were going to die too. we decided we were doomed and partied alot. that wasn't unusual, though most cut back their partying and stayed home more. Then people were cleverer than me and my friends discovered the HIV virus and invented safe sex and ACT UP and there was hope which is actually super important to normal functioning. it was years before effective treatment turned up though and by that time half the people i cared about were dead.

What's the name of the book?

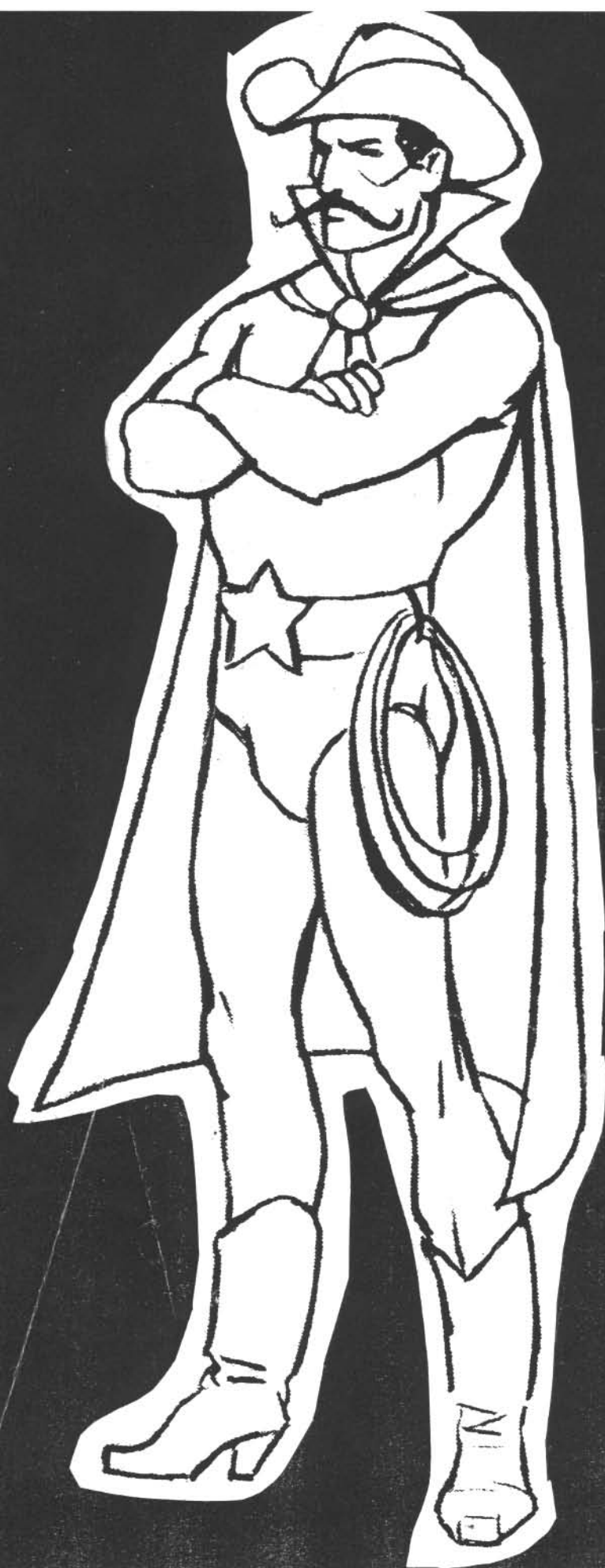
Gutter Boys.

What made you wanna write it? Is it half memoir?

22 years is so long ago even if i had written a memoir it would be half fiction any way. so i thought, why not just make it a novel? The reason i wanted to write it is because it finally dawned on me that that era is completely gone for good. there's not a shred of that left ever and people should know about the past and what it was like. it makes people more aware if they know about their history and i don't think there's alot of knowledge out there about gay social history and what is tends to be done in dry academic tone, ya'know?

How do you feel about the radical queer movement now?

i think it seems fine. i don't feel like in that much a part of it because in 42, but don't tell nobody! The really nice thing about the radical queer thing now is that boys and girls and transies, really, that every one is together. 22 years ago lesbians and gay men did not hang out together that much, and that was nasty.



FAG

SCHOOL

COLORING

CONTEST

(enter the fag school
xcoloring contest! all
your friends are doing
it. just color the hombre
to yr. left and send him
in. First Prize: 5 big ones!
do it!K)

The Life of a Totally FAB GO-GO BOY!...

yours!

can be

yours!

1. wake up and smoke HELLA weed. three bowls, no, 4! it is a known fact that weed makes you better at everything. another toke and you'll be a total CHAMP!



2. keep the ass fat cause flat is whack. this is your mantra. remember girls, NO ONE wants to see you tryin to booty pop with a pancake ass, AUGH-UH. your to do list today: burritto, fried food, beer.

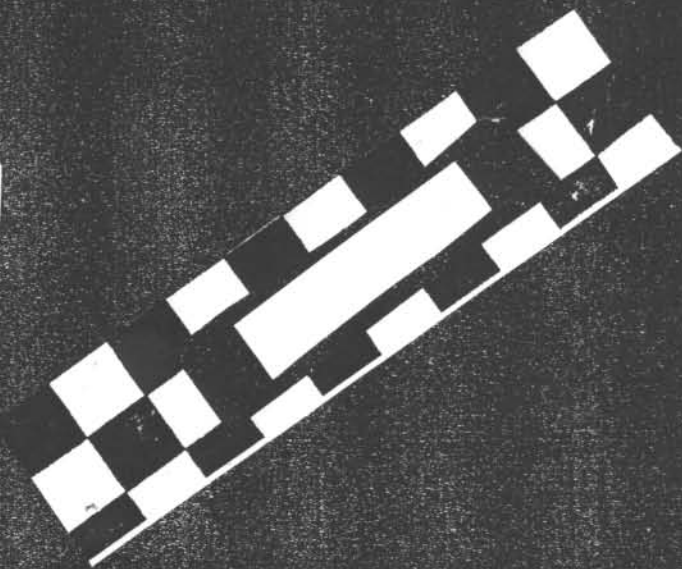
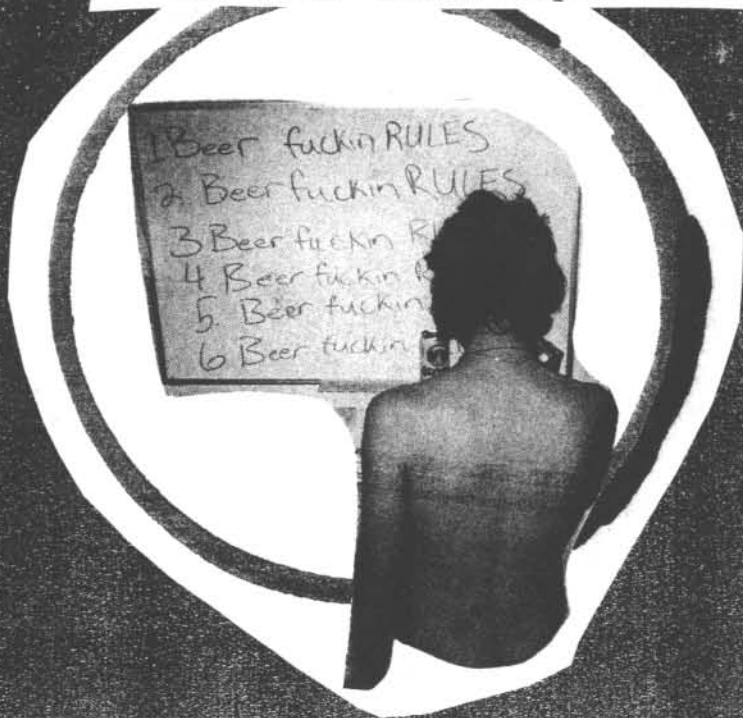


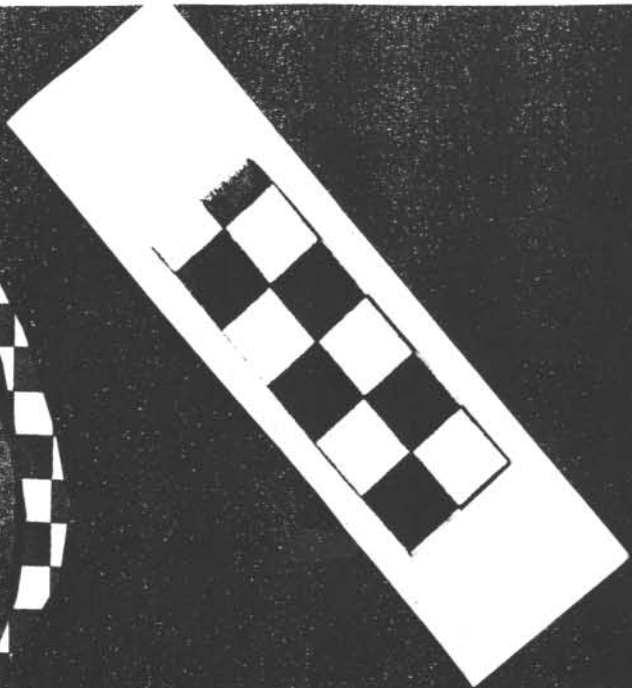
3. you got 2 options. rude+nude or tighty-whityed. HOTTEST NEW TREND: ripped tightys, for that highway rape victim look: SEXY!



4. you still gotta make it toe the club girl! and unless a baseball bat is part of your outfit you wont be making it there in tw\$ alone. go incognito! wig, coat, and glasses for that hella sketchy look, just like your 6th grade teacher who was sooooo fond of you. a look that says "you don't know me, bitch!"

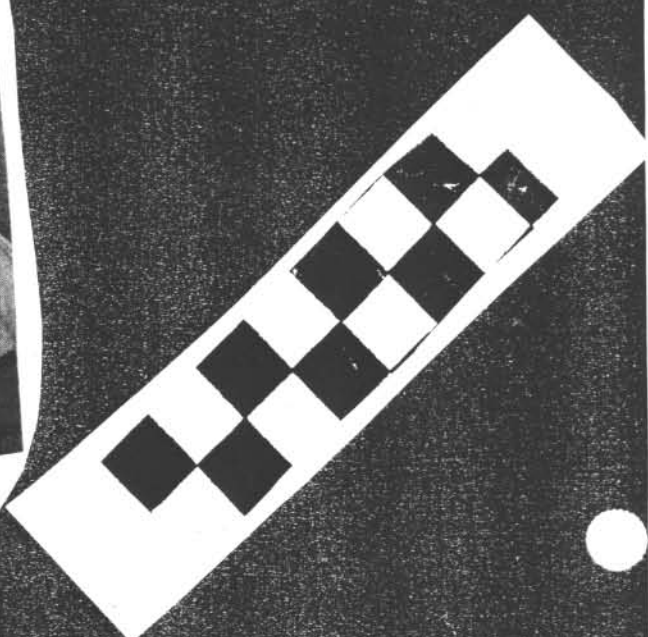
5. remember, dont drink to excess, just drink till your wasted. theres a difference. wasted: "im on a box in my underwear, i might vomit, and i keep falling down...COOL!" excess: "sure old dude i dont know, ill be in "Ball\$ Deep in Twink Town". be warned!





6. Everyone knows that at the heart of a truly fab go-go boy lies a Super-Hott DJ. whats on yr. playlist???

7. its high time you give it arest, mary-leu. remember, the ive-been-partying-fer-3 days-look only looks hot for about two. grab another beer and go to sleep!



ask

allison

MS. Allison Wolfe is **HELLA PUNK**. Besides singing in the coolest bands (Bratmobile, Cold Cold Hearts etc), She also has the uncanny ability of ~~letting~~ the WORLD know about it when you fucked with her. Just try it. She'll write a song about it and you'll be sad. Here she helps fags w/relationship woes. Thank you, Allison, thank you.

How do you tell the dude you're boning that you HATE his fucking band? I really need to know!

You raise a particularly challenging question-- a confounding dilemma in our post-modern society. Sex or honesty? For if you tell him the truth, he will surely be long gone. I have endured this unruly predicament many times over. I have gone out with guys who actually jack off to their own bad band! The horror! In retrospect, I wish I woulda kept my pants zipped, because when braving an ego that envelopes the entire room, there sure ain't room enough for the both of us. On the other hand, I realize that everyone's gotta have it, and the people in those precious few good bands aren't always available. So either you nab someone not in a band (strange creature, I know), or wait around for someone in a decent band, or keep it in your damn pants. A word of warning: Knockin with someone who doesn't like your band either does not void the problem; it blows it all to hell exponentially. At any rate, in a perfect world I would encourage unbridled creative expression in everyone, but life is just too damn short for bad bands, period.

Ten minutes after I fucked this boy, he ASSURED me he wasn't gay and started crying about how he "just couldn't find the right girl." To be quite honest, Allison, I DIDN'T GIVE A FLYING SHIT, but being that I'm a Cancer with mothering issues, I stayed and listened. THIS WAS A MISTAKE. In retrospect, what would have been the polite way to KICK HIM THE FUCK OUT?

-- Should Have Given the Boot After I Killed the Booty,
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Boot-n-Booty in Bloomington,

Fuck that shit. Life is too short to put the energy into finding out what the hell is wrong with that closet freak. In a world so cruelly lopsided with cool girls and lame dudes, how dare he blame his stupid shit on not "finding the right girl"?! And how dare you blame your mother for your sticking around! I know your mother wouldn't put up with that shit! But it is not weak to be sensitive, caring and cuddly. Just tell him nicely to come back when he can admit HE'S GAY.. Or better yet, get your gay ass to San Francisco! What the hell are you doing in Bloomington anyways??

Oh Allison,

I was on HELLA shrooms and tried to have sex with one of my friends. BIG MISTAKE. I kind of dropped the ball and started talking about my acute fear of STDs and asked him to inspect me for herpes. I think I offended him. What's the best way to approach this situation?

Shouldn't Have Been on Shrooms,
New York, New York

Dear Big Gay Apple,

Uh, shrooms? Are you a hippie or what? Why can't you just snort blow off a toilet seat like proper city folk? Anyways, I hate it when people wait 'til they get down and dirty to realize it's down and dirty down there. Duh! You should talk about this shit TACTFULLY ahead of time and/or come prepared with an arsenal of protection. Who the fuck wants to look at your potential herpes?? That's just gross man, and you know it! You go apologize to your friend, plead temporary insanity, and stay at home with your hand for awhile. You're grounded!

Help! My wild and unruly lifestyle has finally gotten me in trouble! After boning every dreadlocked, garlic-breathed crusty I could get my hands on, I finally caught scabies and have given them to all my friends! SHOULD I FEEL BAD? Is fucking hippies a no-no?

-- One Itchy Fag
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Itchy in Cleveland,

"Help!" is right! Yeah, you should feel bad! While I realize that scabies can happen to the best of us (Trust me-- I know!), I am more inclined to sound the alarm and treat it as the public health epidemic that it is. Shame and secrecy only compound this crusty scourge. For chrissakes tell everyone you meet that you have it, who else has it, where it's been and where it's going! I know this reaction has made me less than popular in certain circles, but gimme a break, scabies is a highly contagious communicable disease infestation outbreak! Now you march your tight ass into a drug store pronto and get that scabies treatment lotion, cover the couch in plastic, and wash all your shit in hot water and a hot dryer. As they say, cleanliness is next to godliness, so yeah, fucking hippies, crusties and the like is a MAJOR NO-NO! Repeat after me: JUST SAY NO!!!

Three years ago, when I was a young and tender punk rock boy, this EMO SHITHEAD made me make out to Pedro the Lion AND he gave me crabs (twice!!) Recently, I was drunk off my ass and showed up to his house and did a striptease for him in Batman undies. I knocked over a HUGE fuckin stack of his gross CDs and made fun of his faggot-ass "internet dating" (fucking DORK!). Before I could even get my pants on, he kicked me out! Oh Allison, did I compromise my worth?

-- Emo Ho's Suck,
Birmingham, Alabama

Dear Emo Ho's Suck,

I couldn't agree more! But let's try to sort out the issues here... Pedro the Lion is a Christian band, right? Fuck that shit-punk infiltrators! Is this emo ho Christian?? Is he rich? 'Cuz I know those Christian bands sure are, and that holy money's gotta come from somewhere, like probably from their rich brain-washed fans. Hit him up for some \$\$\$ for your pain and suffering! And you already know what I'm gonna say about him giving you crabs! (See "Itchy in Cleveland") Now,

with what intentions did you return to Emo Ho's house? While he surely doesn't deserve to get near your hot naked bod again, I have a sneaking suspicion you're an exhibitionist, so I bet the striptease was mostly for your own enjoyment. But the Batman undies are impressive! And I'm all for you knocking down his unbearable CD collection. Sticking each one up your ass would be a nice touch, but it might reduce their resale value when you steal them later. So, I believe your self-worth may still be hanging in there; there's hope for you yet! Oh and PS by the way, cyber reality is indeed NOT reality, and guys should learn to be emo with their friends, boyfriends and girlfriends, and not just cuz some dumb band or album gave them the bright idea that being emotional is finally cool and compatible with masculinity. Don't you go back over to this emo Christian crabby ho cyber dork's house again, or I'll have

Arcade Trade

(a film by Samara Halperin)

R
a
t
e
d
x



starring: ARI FAY-LONG + BRONTEZ

music by: DJ Shortstop, Gold Chains,
SCREAM CLUB, The Soft Pink Truth,
Meckey, Casiotone for the Painfully
Alone, Phoenecia, +Gravy Train!!!

(NOW SHOWING!!!)

for info contact:

samaramascara
@
yahoo.com

(The Husbands play sleazy and COOOOOOL rock n' roll, drink in bushes, and take underage boys on tour. The Husbands are our fucking HEROES.)

the

husbands

the first time i saw THE HUSBANDS it was at some house in the city. i was baby-sitting a dog at the show and i was on HELLA SHROOMS. my god, IT WAS FUCKING BEAUTIFUL. what were the husbands on?????(if you can't remember, then the question is what were you most likely on?

We've never played in a house in San Francisco. Maybe with the mushrooms and all you just had a really fantastic psychic hallucination involving us. Although, we have been known to drink an awful lot. Maybe we were so drunk we were blacked out for the entire experience. The answer must be...drunk.

the husbands are TOTAL ROCKERS, in a time when so many (suckers) AREN'T. Have you seen what teenagers are WEARING these days??? TOTAL EMO NATION (i blame BUSH). how do you "matatin"?

I ponder this same question many times a day. For one it's much easier to know what you want to be when you know what you definitely don't want to be. Or, to put it another way, if there weren't so many asses worth kicking it would be hard to kick so much ass.

DO THE HUSBANDS DANCE AT SHOWS?????

You said (and i quote) "We're the Husbands and were out for BLOOD..." Whose blood exactly???? someone spicy?????

Do monkeys have butts?

The truth is, it usually works to just be my usual self. That is, I can get really dull when I am not inspired and really vicious when provoked. When an asshole walks up and tries to hit on me the first thing he usually notices is that I am missing one of my front teeth, if he lets that go he'll find out what a mean spirited bore I must be.

Would the Husbands happen to know (AND i REALLY get the feeling you do) what's the BEST way to get asshole indie rock college students, WHO HANG OUT AT BARS, NOT to hit on you?

It was intended as a sort of all encompassing desire for blood. You know, sometimes referring to weak ass mother fuckers whose blood I'd like to spill and sometimes referring to delicious warm blooded babes who I would like to sink my teeth into. I'll decline telling you who exactly but I'll admit that in all scenarios its definitely spicy.



CINDY
WONDERFUL

scream

club

the story (as told by Scream Club): Born simease twins, separated at birth, reunited in 8th grade and fell in love before discovering we were actually sisters from the same test tube! Having been born queer we were naturally labatory rejects.

here they answer the age old question:

Whats the BEST

thing about

boning yr.

bandmate???



SARAH
ADORABLE

usually everyone wants to do it with there best friend. We get too, and on top of that we get to do it backstage with free beer!

(good answer!)

YOUNG 'n' HUNG

STORY & PHOTOS by: SEFF MODELS: BRONTEZ & John



ONE DAY BRONTEZ DECIDES TO START A BAND CALLED YOUNG-N-HUNG, HE RECRUITS TEEN GUITAR PLAYER JOHNNY. THEY COVER RAMONES & NASTY FACTS SONGS.

PRACTICE QUICKLY DEGENERATES INTO SLEAZINESS. THEY WRITE A SONG CALLED "SPIT ON IT". THEN BRONTEZ WORX ON SOME DRUM SOLOS.



ONCE BRONTEZ GETS HIS HANDS ON THAT BOOTY, YOU KNOW PRACTICE IS OFFICIALLY OVER.



Things ARE Really heating UP for the
duo. BONERS ARE POPPED and EVERYTHING
IS LOOKING UP.



YOUNG'N' HUNG Practice their
hit SINGLE, "SPIT ON IT".
THEY PREPARE FOR THE YOUTH
OF AMERICA.

SOMETIMES IT'S GOOD TO
KISS TOO... I GUESS.



♪♪♪... "CUZ IF YOU WANT ME TO, I'LL SPIT ON IT!
IF YOU NEED ME TO, I'LL SPIT ON IT!
RELAX, SIT BACK, PUT YOUR HANDS
BEHIND YOUR HEAD.. ♪
AND JUST WATCH ME SPIT ON IT!" ♪



LATER THAT NiTE...



WHEW! BAND PRACTICE REALLY TOOK A LOT OUTTA THE DUDES SO THEY GO UPSTAIRS TO REST. SOMETIMES THE ONLY THING THAT CAN GIVE YOU A SECOND WIND IS TO SPREAD SOME CHEEKS.



...AND EAT THAT SWEET BOY PUSSY ALL NIGHT LONG. OOPS, I THINK YOU FORGOT TO TAKE OFF YOUR ROLLERSKATES.



ONE DAY FANS WILL DO THIS AT YOUNG 'N' HUNG SHOWS. YOU DON'T WANNA BE A POSEUR DO YOU? START PRACTICING NOW!



WE NEED TO HAVE A BAND MEETING!!
 "DO YOU THINK WE NEED A MANAGER?"
 "WHO DO WE HAVE TO BLOW TO GET
 A RECORD DEAL??"

FINALLY GETTING DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS
 BUSINESS... IT IS TIME TO FUCK!
 THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN
 THROWING SOME LEGS IN THE AIR TO
 NAIL YOUR TARGET.



DID G.G. ALLIN EVER GET FUCKED
 BY A 400Z? I DON'T THINK SO!
 WHO IS PUNK NOW?

**THE
 END!!!**

Reviews

Wrestling is for me— i LOVE this book! Teaches you all the coolest moves ~~and~~ and takedowns such as "the double wrist ride" and the "two on one." A MUST HAVE for wrestling nuts + members of N.A.M.B.L.A.

SuburbanBitch (a cautionary tale)—

Janelle Hessig is a fucking LEGEND. She sang for The Torettes, roadied for the Queens, is the patron saint for young punk-rock fags, AND writes HELLAFUNNY COMICS. In this offering she ~~says~~ tells the tragic comedy of the S.B. tour 03' (a summer punk rock road trip gone sooo WRONG) so funny you'll shit yourself (ewww!) (gimmeaction.com)

GutterBoys— Alvin Orloff is a hot

Kisser and he writes good books. This book is the super cool Pre-AIDS, Pre-Internet, Pre-Grocery delivery tale of two new-wave fags hanging out in NYC. + S.F. and one of them talks to his dead grannies ALOT... a love

Von Iva @ Folsom St. Fair - I saw SO MANY HORRIBLE

THINGS at the Folsom Fair. And all the old Castro fags hated on me for wearing rollerskates. FUCK THOSE FAGGOTS, I LOOKED CUTE!

Von Iva ruled, four ladies from S.F. palying new-wave-y disco!

Reviews (cont'd)

BRATZ - THE VIDEO BRONTEZ AND I RENTED THIS AND THEN GOT HEXA STONED. GO GET THIS RIGHT NOW!

GOOD MUSIC TO BUY!

THE OKMONIKS THIS BAND is Like A Less-Retarded version of South City, CA's **BRENTWOODS**. My record player is busted and plays records over and over. One time I let my OKmoniks 45 play like 23 times in a row... something that hasn't happened since **TEACHER'S PET**. I partied with them at a BBQ and Sammy threw a fart bomb at me and made my crotch feedback on a handheld tape player/microphone thing. The singer has hot hair and is killer on the organ.

HARD PLACE BRONTEZ hates when I play their song "Sexy." I want to have violent sex with the singer, **Freddy Cristy**. They sound like a more punk, more new wave version of **STEELY DAN**. I like their adult contemporary songs best. They sing about "Denim Boys". **Courtney Love** hates 'em.

LIPSTICK PICKUPS I have this teenybop toy called **BOPPIN' ROCKERS**. It's 2 black girls who have cool outfits and have a band and they dance. The song totally rips off Lipstick Pickups. Total bubblegum pop w/ the cutest high pitched girl chipmunk vocals. I heard **BOMP!** wants to sign 'em.

S'COOL GIRLS If you're cool you love **Hello, Bay City Rollers**, **Gary Glitter** and now... **S'COOL GIRLS!!!** 1/2 Swedish, 1/2 Californian. The Swedish half are stone cold foxes. I wish more mens wore makeup & sung sweet glitter music!

GARY VALENTINE This "hottie" got kicked outta **BLONDIE** after their first LP cuz he was annoying. His solo tunes are some of the best power pop songs ever. Get the CD that just came out. It is so good you'll bop everytime.

WILL POWER At first Willpower gave me a case of the bugs but now I'm into it huge. Like a gay **Justin Timberlake**, moves like a sailor, coming soon to a radio station near you.

50607080 They played Brontez's house and used his room as a dressing room and I kept walking in on 'em making their hair so enormous. Too bad his bed was covered in dildos and gay porno. I am pretty into them!! They are famous.

PORN REVIEWS

Gayracula- He'll suck you dry! How come Gayracula has tanlines if he hasn't seen the sun in 200 years? This movie confuses me, if a guy with a black cape a hard-on and fangs gives ME a hard-on, does that mean i'm gettin' Highlights include: Gayracula in an El Camine, screwing at a blood bank (he's gotta have it!), and the dude who peeps out metal balls. best when watched HELLA STONED.

Black Hombre- 80s all ~~black~~ black cast. I think i even remember a jheri curl, HOT. the plot: 10 farmers are looking for buried treasure on the farm. In a critical breakdown in the movie, they all sit down to breakfast and start singing "old maccdonald" (????)

The Last of the Bericuas- this shit is sooo busted. I hate it. Ass scars and mullets, ewww. the plot is sooo fucked. this super old white dude who for some reason is ~~undressed~~ like a sulta bails some Cuban youths out of jail and makes them fuck in front of him. I felt totally un-PC and gross jerking off to this movie and would not recommend it to friends.

Gaming of Age- So Kip and Scott Knell are brothers which i guess makes this incest porn(uh-oh!). And theres joggling! Jogging in porn is SWEET. the plot: Either Kip or Scott (who can tell?) rambles through his brothers room and finds a porno he was in and starts jerking it only to be caught by his brother and then they screw the rest of the movie. i dont feel this plot is very believable. if i ever found a porno with my brother in it i'd be too busy laughing my ass off to jerk it.

Too Much Too Soon- 70s straight flick! the best scene EVER is when the girl decides to blow some dude she meet through a wrong number at his house and out of nowhere her boyfriend shows up. of course he gets all heated and ~~int~~throws around names but the girl (with a face FULL of cum, no less) delivers the classic line "who are you to judge me?" i think of all the times i've been this girl and i say, RIGHT ON, SISTER.

XY- best NAMBLA-core porn EVER.

Handjobs presents "Like Father, Like Son"- Billy ~~is~~ obviously just wants to be liked, and IS liked. In one issue his dad fucks him (ewwwwwwww), his friends, a butcher, a baker, 5 truckers, his teachers, his twin brothers fratx brothers(? prisn inmates, cops (yuck), and im sure im missing others (I SHIT YOU NOT). Thank god this horny lil bitch is a cartoon or else he'd need some therapy by the time hes done and a SERIOUS fuckin tube of Preparation H. other than that A+!

Banjee Magazine- 100% chocolate, baby. YUUUUUM.

CRUISING REVIEWS

This dude was a SWEET TALKER. "Your soooo handsome, are you a real mailman?" "No sir" I replied, "I got these shorts at the thrift store." He wanted to take me home, fuck me AND buy me beer. This was WAAAY better than I ever did at the bar on Saturday night, the fact that it was Tuesday morning in the park bothered me NONE. No cover charge, no walk of shame...PERFECT. I went to his house where he had pictures of his wife and kids everywhere and every solo male jack-off film ever. We spent three hours in the shower pissing on each other and he bought me a burrito later. PERFECT DATE.

I felt a sense of mission accomplished when i finally got down in the bathroom at Gilman St. Getting it on at Gilman is problematic. Everyone is 14 years old and screwing to thrash bands takes alot of concentration. I took the easy way out and partixed with a balding (i.e. post-puberty) member of the staff between bands. We kept being interrupted by a line of kids waiting for the stall so they could do drugs. I later found out this same dude wrote a detailed account of our encounter FOR HIS GIRLFRIEND! AND THEN left me out of 90% of the text! Every time i'm in the Gilman ~~bx~~ i still scratch my head (and balls) in confusion.

Two hours into my friends wedding party, I found myself in the bathroom with an older xCuban guy, SCORE! "I only like you cause your young and you got big lips." This was the HOTTEST thing an old dude i was blowing had said to me, so i got REALLY hot and started going double-time on his dang (he-he). He told me I had a "big lead for a little gun", ~~ix~~jizzed all over my glasses and hair and then left my drunk ass to wander the party putting on my "oh, that wasnt ME getting slammed in the bathroom" face (everyone saw right through me). And then i walked home in the rain. It was by far the hottest sex exver and i would recommend it to a friend.

Normally as a rule of thumb type thing I try not to fuck dudes with ~~beards~~ Jerry beards, cops, or men with kids because it is understood that all these things are fuckin GROSS. I thought I'd cover the bases with this dude but little did i know! So i was at a party and decided to bring him to the bathroom. I kept reaching for the "D" but was being denied. He finally explained (thick southern accent) "I cant screw ya i got genital warts...LOOK!" And sure enough, he did. I had NEVER gotten a non-erection SO FAST. He continued, "I been puttin' cream on um, but they wont go away." Some might applaude him for his honesty but frankly, I HATED HIS ASS. No decent person should have to endure this, ~~xxx~~Would he pull this shit with his grandmother? He made me say things i never thought i would (p"put it away!). And just when i thought i could be traumatized no more "Um yeah, I should hurry up and pick up my kids, its late." I wanted to vomit. "Oh MY GOD! Yeru're a father?! THAT'S DISGUSTING!" I took the hint and left.

The Staff @ Tag School
would like to ~~thank~~ thank...
marijuana, our models:
Jon Blanco, David, & Zac,
~~_____~~, all the
bands I begged to be in
this shit, Janelle, Cookie,
Kat, & ~~_____~~ Melissa,
Ari Fay-Long (my girl) ~~_____~~
• Seff Bogart (daddy), S.P.A.M
WAREHOUSE, my boyfriend
Donnie Palmer (sooo sexy),
Steve List (my other daddy)
all the boys I've slept with,
Forgive Me: Samara Halperin
(for getting stoned and losing
1/2 of ~~the~~ ^{yr} interview) & Billy Tania
for not putting in this essay
she wrote Even though I said
i was gonna put it in #2, but thank
for guilt tripping me (love u)
and most of all, OUR READERS



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